promise me you'll never go away

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promise me you'll never go away

by mistyheartrbs

Summary

Would you be killing the baby birds?

Notes

I suppose this could be considered a sort of sequel to "fire." The title is from "My Number" by Tegan and Sara

See the end of the work for more notes

You're scared. Well, of course you're scared. She's beautiful, amazing, everything that you're not. You don't know what you did to deserve this, to deserve her. She should've gone away by now, they all go away at this point, as soon as you get too close, as soon as you step over that hidden boundary that everyone you meet seems to have.

You're afraid of her, in some ways. Well, you're afraid that she'll leave. You're afraid that you've been given something special and you're going to mess it up. You're going to step over that boundary and she's going to kick you out, she's going to shove you away just like she did in that wedding chapel, that horrible, scary wedding chapel with that terrible faceless red groom and those cold dead eyes with no intent other than to kill anyone who gets in her way. You were in her way. Well, you suppose Senketsu was too, but he had something you didn't - he was made of Life Fibers too. You knew that once the battle had been won, once everything had settled, the two of them would be together again and share that strange bond they seemed to have.

You still laughed and hugtackled and refused to act any different, but somewhere inside you imagine you were probably "walking on eggshells," whatever that meant. You'd never really understood that saying. Did it mean that you were walking on eggs that were already broken, or were you stepping on eggs that had baby birds in them? What happened if you stepped too hard on one of the eggshells? Would the baby bird die? Were you killing the baby bird? If you 'didn't' walk on the eggshells and try to get to her, would the baby birds be safe? Was this even worth it, if you were killing the poor baby birds? You wonder if she's as worried about killing baby birds as you are.

You don't want to lose her, that's clear enough. You're pretty sure everyone knows that (along with a fair amount of other things). The tiny, pink-haired girl with too many hats and a sharp tongue whispered something to you once. You think it was something about Ryuko and how you were in "heart-eyes" with her. You spent a good two hours wondering what that meant before giving up.

You read a book once, and there was a quote in it that intrigued you. Something about a theory that a guy had, that love be harmful if it was handled incorrectly. That it couldn't be passed around like buttons or shoes or something like that. That it's much more fragile, and should only be given once you know that the person you give it to won't destroy it. You suppose that's fairly true. You think that it's a bit late, though. You've already given everything to her, whether she knows it or not. Now the only thing you're supposed to do is wait, but you've never been very good at waiting. You really just want to jump into her arms and kiss her face and know that she's never going to leave you, that neither of you will ever have to let go.

You don't want to wait for the baby birds to hatch. They might run away by then. She might run away by then. You've always thrown yourself into the heat of the battles that don't have a thing to do with you. Usually it's for her, but you're very rarely involved unless you 'make' yourself involved. This is different. This is your battle - well, it's her's too, but she doesn't know it. This is a battle for two, but neither of you really know what you're fighting for, or if you're even on the same side. You're worried that the baby birds will hatch before the battle can become a dance, and you're scared of waiting that long.

Well, who knows if these eggshells even have baby birds in them. The best thing you can do is run across those eggshells as delicately as you can and hope for the best.

Ryuko's standing across the room, the light shining through the window and catching her features perfectly, so that she almost looks like some kind of goddess. All you can hear is your heart pounding and the soft 'pit-pat' of your feet as you walk across the room. You hope that you aren't killing any baby birds.

"Eh? Mako? Did ya want something?" she asks.

"Ryuko-chan?"

"Yeah?"

"You . . . you don't . . . get tired of me, do you?"

She snorts.

"Who gave you that idea?" She squeezes your hand before walking off. You think that you see a light blush on her cheeks, but it could've just been the light. The baby birds are singing, abandoning their eggshells for a brighter world.

End Notes

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